

Learn to Obey

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Stoick

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-12-12 02:40:18

Updated: 2012-12-12 02:40:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:10:43

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,384

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stoick is not happy that Hiccup has managed yet again to cause trouble. Instead of telling Gobber to take him home, Stoick does so himself, and Hiccup is in for it this time... Warning:

Contains the spaking of a teen. Rated T just in case. Some people may consider it abuse, so be warned.

Learn to Obey

(A/N: One-Shot - Taking place right after the chaos ends in the very beginning of the movie. Instead of sending Gobber to take Hiccup home, he takes him there himself. Rated T for abuse.)

Early morning sunlight fell across the threshold of the sturdy wooden house as the thick Rowan door was pulled open swiftly, a young man in his early teens stumbling as he was all but thrown inside. He was followed shortly by a tall, vast man with a thick, red plaited beard who pulled said door shut behind him, causing the house to shudder. The glow of morning was shut out, as was its forgiving warmth.

>"Every time you step outside, disaster falls!" he thundered, knocking a heavy oaken chair to the far wall as though it were naught but wicker. The boy licked his dry lips, standing just past the scant light provided by the glowing embers that lay dying in the fire pit. The scarlet light it provided illuminated his father's face, adding to his apparent rage. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" Stoick demanded. "I told you to stay inside. How hard is that to understand? What've you got in that head of yours, rocks?!" Hiccup winced.
"Dad, I-" he attempted weakly, but his father cut him off.

>"No, I don't want to hear it. I haven't the time to listen to this...this nonsense! 'I hit a Night Fury', you say!" Stoick continued to berate him, mimicking his whinny, high-pitched voice. Had the situation been different, it would have seemed funny to Hiccup. Now, though, it made him blush with shame. "Nobody, not a living soul, has ever laid eyes on a Night Fury and lived to tell the

tale, let alone killed one! Some of the strongest, most courageous Vikings in this life have gone to battle that dragon, and not one of them returned. If anyone were to slay a Night Fury, it would be such a man, Odin willing. Not a runt like you!" The words cut like a knife. Hiccup clenched his hands into fists. "Now, thanks to you, they managed to escape with over half our flocks. We'll never be able to replace that many sheep before winter! We had those beasts beaten. If you had just listened to me, we would have been able to fight them off! But you led that Nightmare right into the middle of town; you released three Nadders, destroyed half the village!" He was shouting now, so loud that Hiccup bet that anyone near their house would hear him clear as day through the walls.
"I-I'm sorry, Dad." Hiccup stuttered. He really was sorry; he never meant to cause trouble, he just always seemed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

>"Sorry? Our people may end up starving to death, and you're sorry!?" Hiccup took a tentative step backward, feeling the wall behind him.
"I d-didn't mean to-"

>"No." Stoick suddenly stopped yelling. "This time you've gone too far." Hiccup felt his stomach drop as his father reached behind the firewood they kept inside to feed their fires. A whimper escaped his throat as Stoick turned to face him, a long, smooth, thick piece of wood in his hand. It had been a long time since he'd caused enough trouble to be thrashed. Hiccup's palms began to sweat.
"But, Dad, I really hit one this time!" he insisted. "I did, I swear!"

>"That's enough, Hiccup." Stoick said. "You are going to learn to follow orders." Stoick crossed the room in three powerful strides and took Hiccup by the arm. He all but dragged the boy up the stairs to the loft bedroom he occupied before shoving him towards the bed. Hiccup bit his lips together as he gingerly bent over the bed, his arms and legs quivering. He felt his father place one heavy hand between his shoulder blades before he delivered the first painful lick. Hiccup's body lurched further over the bed from the force of the blow, but Stoick held him back. Tears threatened Hiccup's eyes, and before he could close them came the next lick. All the while, Stoick was silent as stone. Hiccup had lost count of how many swats he'd gotten by the time a strangled sob escaped his bitten lips. He tasted salt, and yelped as the paddle cracked against his seat one last time.
"You are going to stay here," Stoick said in a low, strict voice as Hiccup weakly sank to his knees beside his bed. "Unless the house catches fire. Am I clear?" Hiccup nodded his head as the tears continued to flow. "I've got your mess to clean up." Stoick added in distaste before he turned and went back down the stairs. It was only after he heard the door slam shut again that Hiccup let his forehead rest against his bed. He started to cry, unable to hold it back any longer. It wasn't just the paddling; he was ashamed of what he'd done. He had never meant to cause so much trouble. His father was right about the sheep. Winter was almost upon them. They'd need to raid other villages themselves in order to replace the flocks they'd lost, and raids were never dependable. They could end up losing scores of men just as easily as they could gain as many sheep.

>He carefully sat down on the floor, wincing as he did. He'd really hit a Night Fury, he was sure of it. He'd seen it go down this time. His father had called him a runt, said that he would never be able to kill such a dragon. But he had. Hiccup's sobs finally started to die out, but he jerked suddenly as his lungs demanded air. He blushed, trying to stop what he knew was already going to happen. He hiccuped again.
It was Viking tradition to call the runt of the litter a

hiccup, but in his case, there were two reasons why he'd been given such a name. When he'd been born, he'd had the most ridiculous case of hiccups ever seen of a new born baby. Even now, he had a hard time trying to control them. He couldn't get rid of them easily, he knew that much. So there he sat, wiping the tears away from his deep green eyes and trying to breath around the hiccups.

>It was partly because he'd been scared. Whenever he got into enough trouble to earn the paddle, his dad carried things out quickly and then left him alone, often with orders to stay home. When his mother had been alive, things had been different. She hardly ever got upset with him, though there was the one time he could remember that she'd switched him for being too careless, climbing on the huge, slippery black rocks that were submerged at high tide. He'd slipped, and had ended up with a nasty gash on his chin. She's been sick with worry. Stoick had been away on a voyage at the time, so it had been just Hiccup and Valhallarama. After a visit with Goathee, Val had taken him home and had made sure he would never, ever be so careless again. However, she hadn't left him alone like Stoick did. She'd held him while he cried, telling him that she loved him and that everything was going to be okay, just as she did whenever Hiccup's father punished him.
Hiccup winced at the memory. He hadn't gone out on those rocks ever again, but he'd be lying if he claimed he weren't careless. He rubbed at the scar on his chin, and he felt a hollowness inside again. He missed his mother. She was the only person in the world who didn't seem to care that he wasn't the stocky, strong, fearless Viking that he should have been. She'd seen him for what he was and had loved him anyways, if not more so. And she'd probably be the only one who ever would.

>The tears dry, breathing under control, and the sting slightly more tolerable, Hiccup got up and grabbed his journal off a table. After making sure he'd composed himself, he ran out the back door and into the woods. He had a Night Fury to find.<p>

End
file.